

It's 4:13 pm, April 19th 2024. I am barely getting home from school and I feel exhausted. All I want to do is go to my room and sleep. I step out of the car and my mom passes me the keys. I open the door, set down my backpack, and head upstairs. As I step foot in my room, I notice an unfamiliar mirror beside my bed. The mirror is an antique-looking body mirror. For some reason, this mirror gave me a weird sort of uneasy feeling. I ran down the stairs and asked my mom, "Hey.. there's a weird mirror in my room. Did you buy it for me?" I ask in concern. My mom replies "Oh yeah, I bought it this morning at an antique shop after dropping you off at school. It was only 20 bucks!". Hearing her response put me at ease so I headed back to my room. As I was still tired, I went to my bed and fell asleep. I woke up hours later. It was around 7:54, and both of my parents weren't home. I checked my phone to see if my mom left me a text and she did. "Me and your dad left for the store. We will be back in less than an hour." She sent this about 10 minutes ago. "She'll probably be home in 30 minutes," I said to myself. I decided to start up on some homework. I opened up my laptop and got started. As I begin to open up an assignment, I hear a noise coming from the corner of my room. I decide to get up and look for where it's exactly coming from. I shuffle around some books on my bookshelf and the mirror catches my attention. I walk slowly to the mirror feeling uneasy. I get closer to the mirror and touch the face of it.

I woke up. I look around my surroundings and what it looks like is miles of dry land. How did I even get here? I hear distant screaming. Where am I? I get up taking a couple of steps towards the horrid screaming. I start to see people running in my direction. I start panicking thinking they are running towards me. I begin to look at my surroundings once more and notice a tiny wooden house that could probably only hold about 2 people in there. I decide to run towards the house and open the front door. I open the door, shut it, and lock it as soon as I step foot inside. It's furnished and decorated but it seems like I'm the first person in over 50 years to step foot in it. I see the same mirror that my mom bought. It's like the same one. "Is the mirror some sort of portal?" I said to myself. I walk over and touch the face of the mirror again. I'm home. I'm in my room right in front of the mirror. I start to hear my parents pull into

the driveway, perfect timing. My heart is racing. I can't even comprehend what I just saw or went through. I hear my parents unlocking the front door. "Lily! We're home!" I hear my mom yell. I don't reply back but instead, I run down the stairs. "Hey, mom? Do you know why the mirror was so cheap?" I ask in concern. "No, but she was practically begging me to take the mirror no matter what the price was. I think she would've even let me take it for free! I just had to buy it since its price was so low." My mom exclaimed. "I need to show you something. I think I know why the mirror was so cheap." I told my mom. I went up the stairs and she followed behind me.

We went to my room and I explained my unbelievable story. "Okay I know this might sound crazy to you but you have to believe me. When you guys had gone, I heard this weird ringing noise, so I came to find out it was coming from the mirror. So I got closer to the mirror and I touched the face of the mirror and then suddenly, I ended up in a different place." I explained, looking distressed. "Very funny Lily. Maybe I'll take the mirror since you don't want the mirror." She said as she started to pick it up. "NO NO NO WAIT! I CAN SHOW YOU PROOF." I yelled, grabbing the mirror away from her. I set the mirror down making sure she was watching. I took a deep breath and touched the mirror glass. Nothing happened. "I swear this didn't happen last time-." I tried to explain before my mom cut me off. "I think you just had a bad dream. You can keep the mirror but if you make another joke like this one more time, I'm taking it away." She said while walking away. I didn't know what to do or think. I started to remember what I saw after I touched the mirror. It was just straight dryland with a faraway town. People were running towards me, but why? They were wearing different clothing. It looked like old-fashioned Mexican clothing. I started to remember my lessons from my history class, and I started to realize I time-traveled to the Mexican Revolution. If that's even possible. I wanted to go back and search for more, but I'm not sure the mirror even works anymore. I wanna try to go through the mirror again but this time I wanna take some things to explore the area and truly find out where that mirror goes to. I decide to pack a bag and take some items to keep me hidden and safe.

It's 9:30 at night. I just told my parents goodnight and now I'm gonna truly test out the mirror and explore what goes through that mirror. I slowly climb out of my bed and get properly dressed. I put on my bag and grabbed all the necessities I'd need. I touched the face of the mirror and I appeared in a different area but this time it was the little house that I had found last time. I walked out the door and I saw another wave of people running past the house. It's like they're looking for people. I wait for the crowd to leave, as they run past I quickly run out the door and run to the small town in the opposite direction. The town was filled with people. Most were poor and working on the streets of Mexico. I walk down the road near the shops and try to hide myself as much as I can. I need to find shelter. I spotted this abandoned-looking clothing store. The front door was blocked by wooden planks so I snuck in through the side window. I looked around the building and found freshly blown-out candles. Someone was just here. I start hearing footsteps upstairs so I quickly head up quietly. I walk through the upstairs hallway and someone pokes their head out a doorway and points and shoots their gun at me. I quickly dodge and pull a gun out of my bag, as I'm doing that I hide behind a nightstand. I see them quickly run past into the other room and I try to aim at their arm but they slip away. They accidentally dropped their gun so I quickly knelt grabbed it and followed them to the next room.

I turn on my flashlight towards them and I realize it was just a little girl. She was no older than 7. I don't shoot but instead, I put my gun away. "Hey. I don't wanna hurt you, okay?" I say as I kneel. The girl doesn't respond but instead, she walks to another room and makes a hand gesture for me to follow her. I get up and follow her into the other room. I see a woman dead on the floor with a gun wound right on her chest. "Is she your mom?" I ask. She nods "Some scary men came looking for her and they killed her." I was shocked she even spoke a word to me because of the current events. I wanted to ask her more questions but she's probably not very open to that. I noticed she had cuts on her forehead, so I remembered I had brought a first aid kit from home. "Let me help you with that," I said pointing at her

forehead. I kneel and clean the cuts with a towel from the first aid kit and then place a bandaid over it.

“There, all better,” I say to the little girl. She smiles. “Do you mind me asking for your name?” I ask. “My name is Ximena.” She says softly. I replied, “Nice to meet you Ximena, my name is Lily.” I get up and look out the window and see people walking towards the antique shop with guns in their hands. “We need to leave. People are coming.” I said getting up and grabbing her arm. She got up and followed me down the stairs and we went out the same window I came in through.

We’re walking through the village keeping our heads down. I kept Ximena as close as I could next to me. We walked a couple of streets down and the same men I saw at the antique shop. I had a feeling they were following us so I turned into an alleyway and hid seeing if they would follow us. Me and Ximena hid behind a wall and the same men walked past us but we weren't in their sight. “We need to find her.” One of the men said to the other man following behind. The other man nodded his head. As soon as they were out of sight, Ximena and I quickly walked past them, but Ximena accidentally kicked a bottle and the men heard. We quickly ran out of the alleyway and ran down the street. I look behind and they’re running after us. Ximena trips over a plank of wood and I run back to pick her up. The men were getting closer since I had stopped to run back and grab Ximena. I took too long running back to her, the men weren't even that far away. I tried getting up but then it was just pitch black. I could hear Ximena's muffled screaming. They covered my head with a bag. I didn't know where I was going. All I was thinking about was Ximena's safety. I could feel my hands being tied back. The men had caught us. It was the last thing I wanted to happen during my time here. How will I get back alive? They were walking. The talking of other people around me had dimmed down. I think I was inside a building now. “Lock them up.” I heard one of them say. I heard keys jangling into the door knob. One of the men pushed me into the room and I hit my head hard on the floor to the point where I got knocked out.

I started to wake up but I was confused about my whereabouts. I opened my eyes and realized I didn't have that bag over my head anymore and my hands were free. I was confused. I was at home in bed with my pajamas on. I thought it was all real. It felt so real. I was just tied up with a bag over my head at a different time. I was in Mexico with Ximena. Why am I here? I ran around the house looking for my mom. I couldn't find her. I ran down the stairs and saw her coming through the door. "Oh wow! You're awake early." I didn't respond. "Look what I just bought you!" She said, She turned around and showed me a mirror. I couldn't believe it. It was the same mirror I saw in my supposed dream. "It was only 20 bucks!" "Mom, I don't think I want that mirror in my room. I don't even think we should have it in this house." She looked offended at my response. I felt bad but I didn't want anything to do with that mirror. "Fine you don't have to keep it but I'm gonna keep it in my office upstairs." She said, grabbing the mirror while walking upstairs. While she was walking up the stairs the mirror had somehow slipped out of her hands and fell down the stairs. The mirror shattered everywhere. "Aw, man! I think you were right about the mirror. It was a sign we shouldn't keep it in the house." I help her clean up all the pieces and head back up to my room. I was so relieved it was all a dream but at the same time, I wanted to explore more of everything. I guess it all happened for a reason. The end.